The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. II. (New Series.) No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1904. PRICE ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1.	Time and Eternity. Sonnet. Dorothea Hollins	165
2.	Truth. Sermon. Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A.	165
3.	On Preaching	169
4.	The Mystery of Pain. Joseph H. Allen...	171
5.	Models of Famous Pictures	172
6.	A Royal Heart. Poem	172
7.	Our Hymn Writers.—III. Charles Wesley. Illustrated	173
8.	Notes and Jottings	174
9.	Sunday Amusements. Acton Prince ...	175
10.	Guild News	177
11.	The Nursery Book-shelves. F. P. Cobbe	178
12.	News from the Field	180

Time and Eternity.

Like as the belfry whose melodious chime
Floats o'er the narrow streets and winding ways,
Marking each sand of Bruges's mellow days
With trancèd music, charming loud-voiced Time,
So that day-long, from golden morning prime
To star-hushed vespers, he alike that prays,
And he that works, together happy raise
Their thoughts to some far spheric-tunèd rhyme;
So keeps the watch-tower of the Eternal guard
Over Time's busy mart and week-day noise,
Holding its age-long watch and chiming ward
O'er the soul's toil from rise to set of sun,
And makes, each hour, in perfect equipoise,
Our Now with God's eternal Music one.

Bruges, Sept., 1904. DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

Little love is little righteousness; great love is great righteousness; perfect love is perfect righteousness.—*Augustine.*

In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns.—*Carlyle.*

Truth.

A SERMON BY THE

REV. L. P. JACKS, M.A.

John xviii., 38. "Pilate saith unto him, what is truth? Now when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews."

John xiv., 6. "I am the way, the truth, the life."

The situation in which Pilate found himself on this occasion was embarrassing to the last degree. As representative of the Power which had crushed the national life of the Jews, he was hated by the people among whom he lived And here was a splendid chance to conciliate popularity by handing over Jesus in response to the clamour of the mob. But it was not so simple as it seemed. For conscience would insist on erecting an obstacle. "I find no fault with the man," said the conscience of Pilate.

Entangled in perplexity Pilate did what I suppose all, except the most resolute men, would have done in the circumstances. He tried to gain time. Calling Jesus into his private room he shut the door on his dilemma, and began to look round him for a loophole of escape. And now a strange thing happened. It may have been something in the look and manner of his prisoner that diverted the thoughts of his judge, but certain it is that

the conversation took a turn which Pilate can hardly have foreseen. For a brief minute this astute official forgets the difficult game he has to play, becomes interested in this King whose kingdom is not of this world, and finally, caught by a phrase which had fallen from the lips of Jesus, he throws discretion to the winds and blurts out the question "What is truth?" But instantly he sees his mistake, and, without waiting for an answer, "he went out again unto the Jews." Pilate was wise enough to see that he had asked for the wrong thing. Not the Truth, but something very different was what he wanted to help him in wriggling out of that tight corner.

Perhaps there was a vague hope on Pilate's part that the interval spent in the private room would have given the rage of the mob an opportunity to cool itself. But the moment he showed his face there rose up from that resolute throng a fierce decisive shout, which showed how astray he had been in his calculations. If Pilate did not know his mind, the mob knew theirs. So far from having cooled down, their rage had become irresistible. So far from winning a better control of the situation, Pilate now found himself deprived of the little control he previously had. The floods had risen instead of falling, and now there was nothing for it but to let them sweep him away. Forces that he could not master flung themselves upon him like the whirlwind. When Pilate went in with Jesus he had an *alternative*. When he came out he had none. He was obliged to sacrifice his prisoner. Miserable indeed was the failure of that device for gaining time.

The name of Pontius Pilate has been almost universally dishonoured. It has been a target at which even the basest soul might justly cast a stone. But I must confess that I see no reason to charge him with exceptional criminality. The worst we know of him is that he tried to steer a mid-course between right and wrong. That is not an exceptional crime. Pilate failed, it is true. But other men have succeeded where he failed, have lived and died in the odour of respectability, and had fulsome epitaphs carved on their tombs. Pilate had a game to play, but you and I have no right to be hard upon him merely because he played it badly. He was honestly anxious to save Jesus; but just a trifle more anxious, I imagine, to serve his own ends. That is all. His intention was to compass *both* ends. You can see that it was only in the last resort, and under the pressure of forces which no man could resist, that he consented to sacrifice a person whom he knew to be innocent, as the price of his own security. That he should have hesitated at all does him credit. A less humane officer than Pilate would have yielded the point without dallying. "What" he would have said "is the career of a rising statesman to be compromised, are the interests of a great empire to be imperilled, in order that a wretched and troublesome fanatic may be saved from the gallows?" It was not the custom for the rising administrators of Rome to dally with questions of that kind. Their kingdom was far too much of this world to permit of a moment's hesitation! I have no desire to whitewash Pontius Pilate, but I must point out that he was better than most of his class. Had not his conscience been awakened he would have sacrificed Jesus as lightly as you might kill a fly. The story serves to show what an inconvenient intruder Conscience is when a practical problem has to be solved.

Prejudice apart, then, I venture to say that Pilate's position on this memorable occasion illustrates a moral problem which is perfectly familiar to every one of us. He was one of that innumerable host who have to play the game of this world, and who wish to play it, if possible, without loss of honour or of self-respect. Do, then, these worldly men the justice of believing that in their serious opinion an honourable worldliness is superior to its opposite. Have we not all met these men, have we not sometimes met them when looking in the glass of self-knowledge, who are honestly anxious to preserve their reputations untarnished, but just a trifle more anxious to make their way in the world? Those two ends, one of them distinctly good, and the other not bad in itself, are co-present to many of us; and when we say of any man that these two ends are his, we are not charging him with vice, but merely ascribing to him human nature in one of its commonest forms. And who can doubt that a man may pursue both ends for long periods of time, perhaps for years, without finding that either is incompatible with the other. While

this is so, there is no difficulty at all. But that cannot last for ever. Sooner or later there comes a crisis when the two things clash, when there is no reconciling them on any terms whatsoever, when one or the other is bound by the very nature of things to be sacrificed. That is the moment when God tests the stuff which men have been weaving into the fabric of their souls. And even then the problem would be a perfectly simple one, if only we were wise enough to recognise the moment when it comes, to understand the nature of the crisis thus flung upon us by the moral order of the world. Happy the man who knows what it means when he hears the trumpet sounding from the battle ground of his higher and lower natures, knows that the gage of battle is *already* down, knows that the parley is ended, that negotiations are over, that compromise is now impossible, that the issue hangs upon the blow which he must strike this instant or be for ever defeated because it has not been struck! But that is what we are so seldom wise enough to see. Do you not know that man—who, when his honour and self interest are at deadly feud, when they stand facing one another with naked swords in their hands, when it is absolutely certain that the day has now come when one or the other must go down, will still persist in vain attempts to patch the quarrel, full of good intentions, no doubt, but miserably weak and blind. Nobody wants a stain on his scutcheon, nobody wants to be a villain, but everyone wants to get his own ends, and when you can't get them without contracting a little stain here and there—why then the temptation is to do as Pilate did, to temporize, to make plans for gaining time, to lengthen it out by private interview with the cause of your difficulty—in the hope that the means of compromise will turn up. Too late! You have patched it up before; but to-day there is sterner business on hand for you! And see what happens. While you are debating the question behind the screen, while you are seeking to adjust matters in the private room of your inner consciousness, history is being made out yonder in the street, and when you leave off your debating and go out to face the clamorous mob of your desires, you will find the control of the situation has passed out of your hands, and a course you never wanted is forced on you by the logic of facts. Then, of course, we say we couldn't help it; that it's not our fault; that circumstances have been too much for us; and others who have been in the same position themselves will perhaps except our excuse and keep us in good odour, and when we are dead they will help to write a fulsome epitaph upon our tombs.

To this extent the case of Pilate is typical of much that goes on under our eyes. But does the resemblance end there? I think it reaches further: I think it teaches what might fairly be described as the most interesting feature in the case. The strangest part of this story is that Pilate should have hit upon the moment when he was entangled in a moral dilemma as the time for proposing the metaphysical question—"What is truth?" Of all the days and hours in Pilate's life he could not have found one more unfit, more inopportune, for starting that inquiry. One thing at a time, O Pilate! Already you are up to your neck in difficulties; already you have got more than your wits can manage or your courage can grapple with. Leave the question about truth to another day. But no, Pilate will have it NOW! It is one of the most startling pieces of irony in all the world, that the great sceptical challenge, "What is truth?" should have fallen not only from the lips of a man who was no philosopher, whose business was the management of affairs, but that it fell at the very moment when this man knew himself to be involved in a most serious entanglement of a different kind. That Pilate should have asked this question at all is strange enough; but that he should have asked it *then* is the strangest of all.

But is not that irony being repeated all over the world to-day? The moral scepticism of our time, the doubt whether right and wrong are real distinctions, the notion that there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, and all these endless forms of mental and moral vagrancy which start from the question, "What is truth—where does it all come from and how does it arise?" I answer, it comes from our modern Pilates. It arises in that bewildered state of soul which comes over men when, like Pontius Pilate, they are trying to adjust the service of a principle to the pursuit of their own interests.

There is a form of scepticism which proceeds

from the honest doubts of the intellect—we all respect it! But there is another and far commoner form which has its roots in the muddles of the conscience; which comes from human lives that are based on a compromise between right and wrong; which lives and works like some deadly microbe in that infected atmosphere which rises up from the fever-beds of modern life. Would you find the very source of all man's doubts of God and of Duty? Go down then to that scene of restlessness where the worm of avarice never dies, enter those gaudy hells where the fires of luxury are never quenched, listen to the poor delirious conscience raving out the trouble of the fever-stricken soul, and ever and anon, when the bad dream is at its worst, you shall hear a voice that cries—"*What is Truth?*"

The more one reflects, the more singular does it seem that the compromisers, the middle-course men, the wrigglers out of tight corners, should be of all men the most ready to enquire what is truth. For there is no class of persons in the whole world to whom it would be so fatal to find out what truth really is. What a shock they would get, what dismay and terror would overwhelm them if Truth should yield to their importunities and for an instant unveil her countenance before them! How they would repent their inquisitiveness, and curse the day when they asked their question! Of course they do not know this. They have their own notions about truth beforehand, notions from which even philosophers are not always exempt. They think that truth is just a piece of information—colourless, passive, and innocent. They think that the business of truth is to solve their riddles for them, to tell them whether there is a God and a future life, to explain the origin of evil, inform them as to the ultimate constitution of matter, and so on, all of which information will be very interesting and conducive to a quiet life. Truth will make a useful servant. They will be able to apply her to commerce and manufactures. She will minister to their comforts, help them to get on and show them how to make money. That is the sort of thing they imagine truth to be.

They are wrong! If truth were that sort of thing why did not Pilate wait to hear the answer of Jesus. Perhaps there was something in the manner of his prisoner which warned him what was coming, and told him he had better go. Stay thy steps, O Pilate, and listen to this eloquent discourse on the nature of truth, and then you will go back all the fresher in mind for the intellectual diversion, all the abler to manage the howling that is waiting for you outside! And ye modern Pilate's also, listen to truth, how courteously she will dissipate your mysteries and answer your riddles, and ye, too, shall go back with a new skill in your double work of serving God and yourselves!

O Thou that askest what is truth, heed not the call; follow Pilate; go out; for Truth is about to unveil her face and if thou tarriest one instant to see her thou art utterly undone! She is not the explanation thou art seeking: She is the Duty thou art trying to evade. It is no soothing draught of knowledge she will offer to thy intellect but a word of command that will startle and affright thy will. She will bring no gifts to thy self complacency, but she will lay the firm hand of her authority on thy very soul. No tool is she to bend to thy purposes, but a mistress and a monarch, whose lightest word thou mayest not disregard. What if her language instead of being *explanatory* should turn out to be *imperative*—thou shalt and thou shalt not? What if she should say to thee, "Thy gods are wooden idols; burn them! Thy treasures are phantoms—adjure them! Thy wisdom is folly—unlearn it! Thy life is false—make it true." What I say if Truth, instead of being the explanation thou art so curious to have, should turn out to be a charge to thy fidelity for which perchance thou art so ill prepared.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, are words which carry us as deep into the mystery as it is possible for us to go. Note the three things here identified—the Way, the Truth, the Life. Truth is no theory, no speculation. She is the *way*. She is the great high road of moral ascent by which the soul journeys unto God. She is not the seat where men sit idly and gaze with critical eyes on their own or other men's ideas. She is the principle of the soul's action—honour-duty, love. And, therefore, she is life. She is that which men must be, before she can become that which men may have.

Wherever there is a soul utterly surrendered to the will of God, that soul may say, *I am* the truth. Not in creeds or philosophies does truth embody herself — but in souls. When you see them in their beauty you see them in their truth. The ultimate truth, the truth from which all others are derived, is the life principle of a free and upright soul. This is the final canon, the very norm of the universe, the last standard to which all theories, speculations, and doctrines must resort for attestation. The highest truth of all is imperative, commanding, personal. It appeals to the will, not to the intellect alone. It is the living rule of life. Live the life, then, and walk the way, and in God's good time you shall behold the third member of this group—which are not three but one—the Truth!

On Preaching.

[Dr. Edward Hale has been delivering his soul on "Preachers and Preaching," and his shrewd, kindly warnings will be read with interest both by ministers and laymen.—*Ed.*]

I was in the city of New York, in 1848, or thereabouts, when Mr. John G. Cogswell, the first librarian of the Astor Library, was bringing together that great collection. He said to me that that library, so far as he could order it, was to contain a full collection in every division of English or other literatures—"everything," indeed, excepting novels and sermons. He should make an exception for some of the old collections of sermons, which had worked their way into literature such as Chrysostom's, Bossuet's, Barrow's, and a few more. But of the sermons published from year to year—no! "And this," he said, "is from no disrespect to the sermon in its own place, for no man values a good sermon more than I do." But he said that the sermon was, like the novel, ephemeral in its essence. It ought to be ephemeral. It was delivered because the speaker wanted to apply to the daily life of the people before him the eternal truths. The truth never changes; but daily life changes from day to day, from Sunday to Sunday. And the reason why he excluded the contemporary sermons from the Astor Library was that they were, or ought to be, ephemeral. They were written for the present purpose of to-day, or they ought to be.

I think that this remark is well founded, and I think that the average sermon of to-day would be improved upon if the average preacher remembered it. Let him remember, also, that the sermon is written or preached for the people who hear it, and for no one else. Least of all is it written for posterity.

But it is written about the eternal verities and their place in daily life. Here comes in a remark of Channing, that all sermons should be written on great subjects: little subjects have their importance, but they are to be discussed somewhere else. I remember when a boy of twelve said bitterly of the preacher he was accustomed to hear, "He tells us pretty much everything we ought to do, but he has not yet told us that we must brush our teeth or clean our nails." That bitter satire shows what comes of what is called practical preaching when it goes to seed. Channing meant what John Weiss once said, "Preach as if you were preaching to archangels." And Weiss did. He made the people who heard him feel that there is a higher range of life than that which concerns itself merely with dirt or mud or celery or cabbages or sidewalks or macadam or silver or gold or copper or steel. Perhaps they understood him, perhaps they did not. That was of no great consequence, if, as Coleridge says, the understanding is the lowest of the human faculties. They knew that Weiss wanted them to live in a higher and larger life, and to be nearer God. It was for that that he was preaching to them.

Now it is simply for that that any man is preaching. When I was a youngster I was very intimate with Dr. Furness. I was at work as my father's secretary in Pennsylvania, interested in grades and rails and wire ropes and taxes and bonds. And Dr. Furness was afraid that I should give up our profession; for I had begun to preach, and sometimes I preached for him of an evening. I had no thought of leaving the profession, but he thought I had. He said to me one day, "Promise me that you will not give up preaching until you have written and preached sixty sermons." There was no danger, and I readily promised. But it was not until the summer of that year that I knew what he was talking about. Then, one Sunday of a summer afternoon, I was preaching at our church in Cambridgeport. I think it was my sermon No. 37, but I do not know. Of a sudden I saw that

the people were interested in what I was saying. They had forgotten they were in church, they had forgotten it was Sunday; but they and I were absolutely at one in the matter in hand. Well, that is what comes about when the preacher is dead in earnest, has something to say which has got to be said, and, as God lives, he will make them believe it.

Now it does not always happen that a speaker, though himself convinced of the truth which he is stating, states it in this way. It happened to me in early life to preach in the First Church in Roxbury for Dr. Putnam. There was, as always, a crowded congregation of people, who had come on purpose to hear him. I suppose this was rather discouraging to me. For whatever reason, this followed: A very dear friend of mine said to me the next week, "Edward, a lady in the Roxbury Church said to me about your sermon, that it was well enough, but that you did not seem to care anything about it yourself." I do not know who the lady was, but after half-a-century I give her my thanks to-day; for she has warned me a thousand times since by this criticism not to go into the pulpit at all unless I have something to say of infinite importance.

And, alas! as I hear preaching, I am often tempted to say the same thing to the preacher which that lady said of me, "How should you make us care, if you do not care yourself?" I am not sure but that it would be better, in the etiquette of our meetings, if some Janet Geddes could get up and fling a footstool at the preacher and wake him up, as at that celebrated moment in Scotch history.

George Chaney stated the true rule, in an important public address once, "No speaker deserves to succeed in what he undertakes unless he is willing to make a fool of himself for his cause."

The immediate reply comes from the modesty of the preacher—a charming quality, not to be brushed aside. But it has its place. Let him be modest at school, let him be modest in a drawing-room, let him be modest in the counting-room of John Jacob Astor—yes, let him be modest in the pulpit—but do not let him go into the pulpit unless he knows what he goes there for. He has no business there unless he has some infinite message of the present God to announce. God has brought him there for that purpose, and that only, though he may be as modest as he pleases in announcing it; but let it be understood, first, second, and last, who it is that has sent him and why he comes. This is not the message of John or James or Cephas or Alexander, it is the message of the present God.

This generation has forgotten, perhaps, General Grant's message to the commander at Fort Danielson, "If you do not surrender within fifteen minutes, I shall attack your works." He sent an officer, not named in history, with that message. Not named in history! But we can guess how he discharged it, and how he did not. He did not begin by saying:—

"General, I am very glad to make your acquaintance. No, I will not take a cigar. I do not smoke. I have brought you a note from an old friend of mine, who is sincerely interested in your welfare. And we will divide the consideration of the subject into three heads; and after that I will consider their relation to the great subject of the letter, and see if we cannot apply it to the present necessity."

It will be said that this is absurd. But is it absurd, or even exaggerated?

I remember when a dear friend of mine, who would have undergone torture rather than sway from the law or the will of God in action, found himself in one of our frontier pulpits. For a little while there had been no preacher there. After hymns and Scripture and prayer, he began by saying, "I am sorry to say that, before I had come half-way to the church from my hotel, I saw that I had chosen the wrong discourse to read to you; and now I must read it, with that uncomfortable feeling that I have made a mistake. However, we are here, I suppose there must be a service; and I will read to you what I have." That is no way to make people listen.

And all such depreciation of the business in hand is neither manly nor modest. Really, that man would not go into the pulpit at all unless he thought that he had something of infinite value to bring. His mistake is that which Dr. Bellows used to speak of when he was satirically describing our Unitarian missions. He said they were too apt to end like the trading enterprise of an unfortunate lady who had been compelled to earn her living. Her friends provided her with a fine large basket of the most acceptable goods. Tapes, thread, ribbons, pins, needles, all were of the best quality. And she went out into the public

park to sell them. But she selected the one corner where no one passed. Then, almost hidden, she lisped out:—

"Pins, Pins!—oh, dear, I hope no one will hear me!" "Tape, Tape!—oh, dear, I hope no one will see me!"

A good working rule is the old rule, "If you have anything to say, say it."

The Mystery of Pain.

That which is distinctively a *religious* view of life, not merely speculative and not merely scientific, always takes account of an element which we are agreed in common discourse to call "mystery." In one sense this recognition of mystery is the mental act, or experience, in which religion begins as a fact in human life—"when a man finds himself, in whatever way, face to face with the Eternal." But this is not to be taken in any narrow sense, as if it meant only that supernatural realm of Being which, interpret it how we will, embraces and enfolds all life like an atmosphere. Its expression is not merely in the doctrines or the symbols which speak to us of the transcendent truths of the Divine Life, the Infinite Holiness, the Eternal Destiny that make the religious view of things looked at away from ourselves. It is found, just as much, in the plain common solitary experiences of life as we share it, needing only the observation or analysis of an open eye to discern it; just as to a fine ear there is a subtilty in the harmonies of music which we cannot account for by any mathematical measurement of the pulses of sound. When once it is recognised, we know what is meant by the religious interpretation of life; and see how little this is accounted for by any analysis that would merge it in utilitarian ethics, or emotional piety, or practical benevolence, or a cultivated understanding.

The simplest of all forms of such religious interpretation is doubtless mere submission to the inevitable. And in this act of submission there is a sort of comfort—as if the human heart, in its instinctive loyalty, accepted it as true that "whatever is is right." *It was to be* were the pathetic words in which a poor woman, in my hearing, appeared first to find solace in a crippling accident. But the real religious lesson of pain and sorrow is far deeper than that. "Behold, we count them happy which endure," says the most practical-minded of the apostles; and of the consolations of human sympathy it has been remarked: "that they *alleviate* exquisite pain is something; that they *transmute* the pain which must be borne and is borne into a healing and beneficial agency is more." It speaks more profoundly of the Divine meaning of our life than the common arguments of our religious optimism. Thus one writer finds an evidence that life is good in this: "If we are ourselves in good health, and will think of it, we find that there is not a single bodily function, from taking food into our lips to the violent energy of a foot-race or the rapture of sensation in a glorious landscape, but it is a special and particular source of pleasure: just that delight, no doubt, an infant finds in winking its eyes and brandishing its hand; and just that delight, as in the luxury of dropping off to sleep, the dying feel, as their conscious sensation lapses into eternal rest." But what shall we say of the opposite of this condition, where the conscious sensation is only agony and grief?

One recalls here the desperate picture which Milton draws, from descriptions of the "lazar-house" of earlier times, where it seems as if no alleviation of mercy or hope could possibly be thought of. But a more merciful age not only has learned faith in such possible alleviation, but has made the way of it open to many and many a sufferer. Even the actual relief of misery is an inferior boon to that revelation of "the law of the spirit of life" which it begins to make discernible. Take, in contrast to those unrelieved sights and sounds of woe in "Paradise Lost," the following account which Mrs. Oliphant gives,* under the comforting title "House of Peace," of a visit to a great hospital of incurables near London:—

I have gone through the greater part of those rooms, filled with indescribable aches and sufferings that are without hope, and I have found nothing but a patient quietness, a great tranquility, a peace which fills the careless spectator—coming in out of the fresh air, out of the sunshiny world, where everything is rejoicing in life and strength and the radiance of the morning—with awe and respectful reverence. Some of these poor people are never free from pain; some are subject to periodical

* Copied from the *Spectator* of February 15th, 1890.

paroxysms of anguish, cannot move at all, even by the nurse's aid. And yet there is Peace breathing all around us. Not only no complaint, but a composed and mild endurance, often accompanied with smiles, scarcely ever with a countenance of gloom. An atmosphere of cheerfulness fills, like sunshine, the quiet chambers. What struggles there may be in lonely hearts or tortured bodies, it is not ours to inquire. Such struggles there must be, or the sufferers would be more than human. But we can see nothing but patience and peace. Our hearts cry out for them as we pass from one bed of anguish to another, but from these beds there rise no cries. All is tranquility, patience, a great quietness: the Palace of Pain is also the House of Peace.

"It would almost seem," is the comment upon those words, "as if *the withdrawal of all hope* tended, in the beneficent ways of Providence, to quiet afflicted nature, and to bring about a composure and calm of soul, which is proof against many keen temptations." Not, of course, in all, but in "them for whom it is prepared." In many of those who receive it so it is, no doubt, the reflex of a very positive belief in an everlasting life of conscious and increasing joy, to which they may enter only through the gateway of pain; but in many others it seems to be the simple, natural effect of that discipline of "strength and purification" which is the profounder meaning of pain, so that they are already, without knowing it, entered into the eternal life—nay, as in some cases known to us, have felt a certain exaltation of spirit in the conscious sense that they have been thus singled out by the Lord of Life, as those worthy, like their Master, to be made "perfect through suffering."

JOSEPH H. ALLEN.

Models of Famous Pictures.

Beyond the intrinsic value of pictures they often gain not a little additional interest if we know the originals from which figures in them have been painted. The little girl, for example, in "My First Sermon," is painted from Millais' own daughter, and the triumphant Highland wife, in "The Order of Release," is a capital portrait of Lady Millais, herself a Scotchwoman. In "The Golden Stairs," Burne-Jones's beautiful picture, the girl at the foot of the stairs is Miss Burne-Jones (now Mrs. Mackail); the one with the violin, half-way up, is May, daughter of William Morris, the poet, and the second figure from the top is the Miss Peacock who was Rossetti's model for Beatrice in "Dante's Dream." The figure of Love in this famous picture was painted from Mr. Forbes Robertson, the actor, when a young man. Miss Siddal, whom Rossetti often painted and who became his wife, was the original "Ophelia" in Millais' pre-Raphaelite picture in the Tate Gallery. Swinburne (forty years ago) stood for the figure in the foreground of Rossetti's "Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon," and the head of Christ in this picture is a portrait of Burne-Jones. In "The Black Brunswicker," the lady's face is a portrait of Miss Kate Dickens (now Mrs. C. E. Perugini), daughter of the novelist, and in "The Departure" Alma Tadema took his wife and daughter as models for the principal figures, while the bust behind unmistakably reveals his own features. Most remarkable, perhaps, of all is the case of "The Light of the World," which Holman Hunt is said to have painted from his own face and figure, seen in the looking-glass, but, it should be added, idealised out of all recognition. More facts on this topic will be found in a very interesting article in last month's *Strand Magazine*.

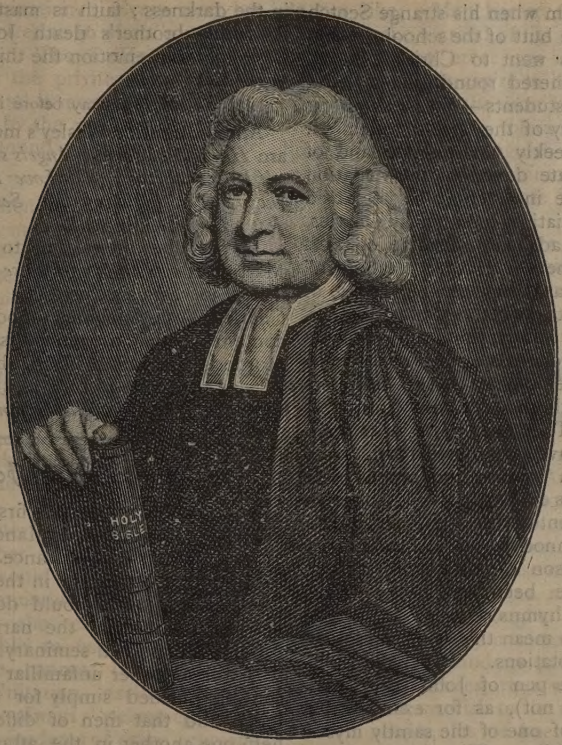
A Royal Heart.

Ragged, uncomely, and old and gray,
A woman walked in a northern town;
And, through the crowd as she wound her way,
One saw her loiter, and then stoop down,
Putting something away in her old torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher said,
(Ah! that was her *heart*, had the truth been read!)
"What have you stolen?" he asked again.
Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain,
And under the flickering light of the gas
She showed him her gleaning. "It's broken glass,"
She said: "I hae lifted it up frae the street
To be oot o' the road o' the bairnies' feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astir
That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like her,
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet!

Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your threads into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.—*George MacDonald.*



Our Hymn Writers.

III.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788).

Charles Wesley was the most prolific hymn-writer the Christian Church has ever known. He is credited with having written more than 6000, while he and his brother John published some fifty books of hymns. It must be confessed that a large majority of these hymns are commonplace to the last degree, and are now forgotten, even by Wesleyan Methodists. In a preface to one of their books John made bold to say—"In these hymns there is no doggerel, no feeble expletives, nothing tinged with bombast, no words without meaning"—a claim which time has not justified. A winnowing process has been going on, with the result that many are seen to be only "vacant chaff well-meant for grain." There remains, however, enough precious wheat to give Charles Wesley an immortal place among the singers of the Church. The brothers were born at Epworth, near Lincoln, where their father was vicar. Their mother, a notable disciplinarian who taught her children to "cry softly," was of inexhaustible patience. Her husband once remonstrated, "You have told this child the same thing twenty times"; she replied, "I should have lost my labour if I had only told him nineteen, for it was at the twentieth I succeeded." Charles was educated at Westminster School, and became its captain. One of his schoolfellows was William Murray of Scone, afterwards Earl Mansfield and Chief-Justice of England, who never forgot how

Wesley befriended him when his strange Scotch dialect made him the butt of the school. From Westminster Charles went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he gathered round him a band of seriously-disposed students—Whitfield among the rest—for the study of the Greek Testament, the observance of weekly Communion and of stated hours of private devotion, the visitation of the sick, and the instruction of neglected children. This association, founded by Charles, fostered by John, had many derisive epithets cast at it, among others that of "Methodist," which became afterwards the recognised title of the denomination to which John Wesley's teaching gave rise. Both John and Charles owed much in their religious, and probably also in their poetical, development to two members ot the Moravian Brotherhood, Count Zinzendorf and Peter Böhler. The Moravians as a community had and have combined with great practical sagacity, an intense and ardent piety which seeks and finds expression—on its active side—in missionary enterprise; on its contemplative side—in a hymnody aglow with passionate devotion to the person of Christ. Wesley's hymns indeed have been called by Ward Beecher "Moravian hymns re-sung." But this must not be taken to mean that they were mere translations or adaptations. We have some translations from the pen of John (who knew German, Charles did not), as for example that beautiful rendering of one of the saintly mystic Tersteegen's compositions, *Thou hidden love of God*, a hymn whose teaching recalls St. Augustine's memorable words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we find our rest in Thee." Charles felt the inspiration of this Moravian evangelical fervour. Most of his hymns are bright and sunny. His creed was simple and clear. He "saw life steadily and saw it whole." There is no trace in his poetry of the weary, wistful, modern mood, with its haunting sense of insoluble mystery. He rested in the dogmas of the church. He knew the heights of faith, but not the depths of doubt. The great dramatic hymn, *Come, O Thou traveller unknown*, a poetic spiritualising of the scene at Peniel, which Isaac Watts considered "worth all the verses" he himself had written, may seem to imply that he had had his doubts. But it is not the song of a man groping in the darkness; faith is master all the while. After his brother's death John could never repeat without emotion the third line of its first verse :—

My company before is gone.

Among Charles Wesley's more popular hymns are *Hark, the Herald Angels sing; Love Divine, all loves excelling; O, Love Divine, how sweet thou art; Light of life, Seraphic Fire;* and *Jesu, Lover of my soul.*

It may be interesting to note that while Martineau's *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*, published 30 years ago, contains as many as 58 of Charles Wesley's hymns, modern selections are content with a much smaller selection. Horder's *Treasury of Song* has 33; Hunter's *Hymns of Faith and Life*, 14; *Essex Hall Hymn Book*, 17; *The Church Hymnary*, 25.

Notes and Gottings.

The opening of the first session of the Faculty of Theology at Manchester is an event of no ordinary significance. It marks the beginning of a new era in the study of theology in England, and should do a great deal to emancipate it from the narrow atmosphere of the denominational seminary. To many people it is still a rather unfamiliar idea that theology can be pursued simply for the sake of knowledge, and that men of differing opinions can help one another in the attainment of religious truth. There is nothing that the training for the ministry needs more, in face of the moral and intellectual needs of the present day, than the breadth of view which it is the function of a University to cultivate, and to which sect life can very seldom attain.

To the friends of Manchester College, Oxford, this is, of course, a familiar point of view. The new University of Manchester is only fulfilling its dream of more than one hundred years ago. It has been always gloriously undenominational in aim and intention, if circumstances have hitherto kept its influence within a rather narrow circle. Probably nowhere else has the teaching of theology been so free from sectarian bias, and no pressure has ever been exerted upon its students to accept service in

any particular denomination. Every man has been left honourably free to go where conscience and reason led him. The College has faced the risks as well as the privileges of freedom with a brave heart, and it must view the acceptance of its principle by the most modern of our universities with profound gratitude.

As the historical memory of most people is rather a short one, it may not be out of place to recall the fact that the Dissenting Academies, of which Manchester College is the lineal descendant, were remarkable for their inclusiveness. They wished primarily to include the Nonconformist, who was shut out from the ancient Universities, but they were careful to exclude nobody. Within their limits they were Universities without royal charter or religious tests. Gilbert Wakefield tells us that during his connection with the Academy at Warrington about one-third of the students belonged to the Established Church. At the inaugural meeting of the Manchester Academy (the present College under another name), it was stated expressly that it would be open to young men of all denominations; and a hundred years later at the centenary meeting, Mr. Gordon was able to use these remarkable words: "We cannot call it either Presbyterian or Unitarian exclusively, inasmuch as it has always welcomed with open heart and hand students of every religious body. So it was in Frankland's time; so it was at Warrington; so at Kendal; so at Manchester. I think the name which stands second on the roll of divinity students of Manchester College is that of one who is specified as a student of 'Divinity in the Church.' That addition shows that, in the sense of extending more than a transient hospitality to those whose views may differ very widely from the cherished convictions entertained by its founders, this College rightly claims to be an undenominational institution."

It is well from time to time to refresh our minds with these noble historical memories. Nothing can be a better check upon our impatience, or the temptation to be suspicious of our freedom when it leads to results which we do not like. Manchester College has never tried to make a creed of its own undenominationalism or to erect non-subscription into a test. It does not aspire to be a denominational seminary even for the most liberal of the sects. It is its breadth, its tolerance, its theological hospitality which distinguish it, and it is for this very reason the best training ground for men who are anxious to devote themselves to the service of liberal religion. No matter where they may minister in after life, or whatever name they may prefer to assume, if once they have felt its spirit and been kindled by its ideal, their influence will be always in the direction of strong personal conviction combined with sympathy and breadth.

Sunday Amusements.

I am no Puritan in the matter of Amusements, not even of Sunday Amusements. If in the earlier sense of the word, Amusement is devoting oneself to the Muses, then it may be a very holy thing. The muse of History, the muse of Poetry, the muse of Art, the muse of Religion, those bright-eyed maidens of free and wise and gratifying thought, represent forms of pleasure which daily minister to man's higher nature. But in modern parlance we are not thinking of the Muses, when we speak of Amusements, and as we wish to be understood of the common people, let us keep to the common tongue.

So far from being a grim-visaged Puritan, I for one rejoice that the Puritan Sunday has finally disappeared. For the Sabbatical, which is the Puritan, Sunday, has been a great injury to religion. It has made thousands of children hate the day of rest and worship; it has taught men to think of religion as a sour and narrow thing. I thank God that the Sabbatical idea of Sunday has passed away into the limbo of exploded beliefs and extinct superstitions. Intelligence and right feeling have won the day.

But the question now arises, how best can we turn to advantage Sunday's blessed immunity from toil and accustomed duties? and on this there is much confusion. Extremes provoke extremes, and the Sabbatical idea of Sunday has with many resulted in a violent re-action, and turned Sunday into a day, if not of riot and

dissipation, at least of trivial amusement. Of course, I have a perfect right to do on Sunday all that I do on Saturday. I hold that Saturday with its rush of business in the morning, and its tennis, or cricket, or boating, or golf in the afternoon, is as much the Lord's day as Sunday with its Church-going and Sunday Schools and family gatherings. The old distinction between sacred and secular is gone. Well and good, if all thereby becomes sacred; but what if the result be, as it often is, that all becomes secular? If there be no differences of principle about days and places, there may be differences of propriety. "I have a right to do in Church all that I do anywhere." Just so, but would you clean your teeth in Church, or black your boots, or play football? "Sunday is no more sacred than Monday." Granted; and if anybody questions the principle, I would use the strong, impulsive language of Martin Luther,—language which made men say his words were half-battles, and that they had hands and feet. He says, "If anywhere the day (Sunday) is made holy for the mere day's sake; if anywhere anyone sets up its observance on Jewish foundations, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to feast on it, to do anything to remove the encroachment on Christian liberty." Yes, let us have liberty, but let not liberty be a cause of stumbling either to oneself or to one's neighbour. It is not a question of right, but of privilege. How shall I extract from Sunday its best wine? How may its rest and freedom most beneficially minister to our nature's needs? It is a privilege and an opportunity. If a man had a week's holiday in London, it would be a poor use of the opportunity to sit all the time in his bed-room reading novels. Were you thrown into the company of Mr. John Morley for twenty-four hours you would want to talk about something else than the latest fashion in trouserings. Not to rise to one's opportunities, not to make the best of one's privileges, not to take occasion by the hand for the highest uses, is to betray a small and trivial nature. Will anybody venture to say that it is making the highest use of Sunday to give it up to our ordinary Amusements, and to fill it with the excitements of our ordinary pleasures?

Much of this is due to the modern tendency to regard Amusements as the *summum bonum*—the chief end of life. The absorbing interest of the public generally in Amusements is appalling. A great debate in Parliament excites scarcely so much attention as a great football match. Not long ago, Lord Rosebery, in lamenting the apathy of the public to political and national questions, said, "At present, so far as the vast number of people are concerned, the amusements and pleasures of life bulk far more largely in their minds than any question of politics. I have little doubt that the first column of the newspaper turned to by the majority of men is not the political column, but that which records the triumphs of golf, cricket, football." And the intrusion of these subjects into Sunday is only a feature of the disease from which we suffer every day—the overplus of sport and Amusement. That we cannot keep Sunday free from its empire is both a private and a public misfortune. I am not laying down any rule of Sunday observance. If men cannot get healthy exercise on any other day of the week; if this is their only chance of seeing the blue sky and the green fields; if they need Sunday Amusement for the renovation of the jaded mind and cramped body, by all means let them have it, and let no one sit in judgment. But the craze for Sunday Amusements is not with the sweated toilers who have no other chance. It belongs to the well-to-do, who have their opportunities every day, but who plead that their health and the pressure and pace of modern life demands Sunday boating, Sunday golf, Sunday billiards, Sunday bridge, Sunday tennis, and never think that their soul's health also needs its nourishment and care.

One has a good deal of sympathy with the busy barrister, the busy doctor, the busy merchant, the care-laden politician in this plea for Sunday Athletics, etc. And yet when one remembers how Sunday was kept by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Sir Roundell Palmer, Samuel Morley, William Rathbone, Michael Faraday, Sir James Paget, leaders of a host who in their professions "went the pace," one wonders if the men of to-day are really more hard-pressed than their predecessors, who yet found life enjoyable and healthy without these Sunday excitements. Indeed, it may be

questioned whether the hour and a half spent in the quiet of the Church, with its different atmosphere, with its restfulness, with its thoughts turned wholly to diviner things, is not just as good a medicament for the weary body and the jangled nerves as an exciting round of golf, and much more health-giving than Sunday evening bridge parties.

Sunday is a privilege. Once a week it presents us with the sorely-needed opportunity of giving ourselves up to our higher moods, as moral intellectual and spiritual beings. Is it too much that we should keep sacred an hour or two once a week for distinct ethical culture? Is it asking more than is reasonable from men that they should periodically give a few minutes to Life's meaning, Life's outlook, Life's obligation, Life's destiny? Are the things of Peace and Purity, of Righteousness and Love, of Brotherhood and Service, of the heart's gratitude and aspirations, so unimportant that they need no special attention, no devotion of time and place, no concentration of thought and purpose for their health and development? Is it too much to say to Amusements for a couple of hours once a week, "Keep your place—stand aside—this time apart is for your betters?" Life is not all cakes and ale. Life is earnest, great, glorious, solemn. Is it too much that one day in seven the soul should stay all else and ask itself—"Soul, for what art thou living?"

I do not say that men are to attend church three times a day, or read only the Bible on Sunday, or sing only hymns, or shut up their children in dull rooms with Sunday books or Noah's Arks! No! let us have brightness: Tennyson even more than Dr. Watts; Beethoven and Wagner as well as the Old Hundredth; the drive it may be into the country, where a peaceful church is nestled among the trees; the race with the children round the lawn; Shakespeare and Browning as well as John and Paul; the lively conversation, glancing at a hundred topics of human interest, radiant with kindly humour, earnest with deep conviction. But let some portion of the day be devoted to the needs of the spirit's life, let it bring us its healing hand, its cooling balm, its heavenly air, its appeals to our better part. No man can afford to dispense with the blessed ministry of Sunday. "The world is too much with us." Worship is not everything, and yet how much it is to spend an hour where the strife of tongues is hushed, where the noise and dust of business cares do not intrude, where the strain on the mind is taken off, where we are lifted above the meaner ways of life, and hear the words of the world's greater souls, and live for a short time in the conscious companionship of God, and realise in our minds a higher standard of life and character. And I declare that the loss of all this is very poorly compensated for by boating and tennis.

ACTON PRINCE.

Guild News.

The annual meeting of *The Old Meeting Guild, Birmingham*, was held on Monday evening, September 26th. The business meeting was preceded by an "At Home," given by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, when about 170 members and friends attended. The Secretary (Mr. Ewart Smith) reported that there were 156 names on the roll of the Senior Guild, and 170 on the roll of the Junior. Twenty sick children had been sent for a fortnight each into the country at the expense of the Guild. On the whole the monthly meetings have been well maintained, and the various classes have more than kept up their average attendance. The Junior Guild, for children between 9 and 14, is carried on by the Seniors, and has proved an excellent training in and opportunity for practical service.

The annual meeting of the *London Guilds' Union* took place at Essex Church, Notting Hill Gate, W., on Wednesday evening, October 12th. The Church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of harvest offerings. There was a very fair attendance of members of the London Guilds and friends. The distance between our various Churches, together with the clashing of other meetings, prevented the number being so large as was anticipated. A service was held in the Church at 7-30, conducted by the Rev. F. Hankinson, at which the Rev. F. K. Freeston gave a stirring address based on Paul's words, "For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, was not yea and nay, but in Him was yea."—II. Corinth. i. 19. He urged his hearers to not only say "No" to the world's temptations and evils, but still more, to learn to say "Yes" to the high appeals of God and Christ and goodness. It was of far more importance to sow good seeds in glad confidence for a full harvest than to devote our best energies to pulling up tares. After the service refreshments were served in the schoolroom, and the members of the various Guilds mixed together in friendly intercourse.

A Conference was then held, at which the Rev. J. Wood, who had so kindly come down from Birmingham, gave an address, which was much appreciated. He referred to his recent visit to America, and the work of the Young People's Religious Unions there. He had visited many churches, and was delighted with the

energy, organisation and unity of these associations. He referred to the practical work undertaken, such as supporting weak and struggling Unitarian Churches. In America the Guilds had a central organisation, with a paid secretary, and it was this which we lacked in England. The Rev. F. Freeston (who presided), Mr. Thompson (Mansford Street), and the Rev. W. H. Rose (Walthamstow) also spoke.

Mrs. Bruce proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. J. Wood for his kindness in coming to address the meeting, and this was seconded by Mr. David. The meeting terminated by the Rev. J. Wood pronouncing the Benediction.

High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham.—A meeting to inaugurate the formation of a Guild was held here on Saturday evening, October 15th. A brief service was held in the Chapel at 7-30, attended by about 80 persons, when the Rev. J. Wood gave an address on "Guild Aims." At the close of the service the congregation adjourned to the schoolroom, where refreshments were served. The business meeting was presided over by Miss Guildford. After the election of officers and committee, Mr. Wood gave a short talk on "Guild Methods." The roll of membership was then signed by 32 persons.

The Nursery Book-shelves.

It is an old saying, "Let who will make a nations laws; let me write its songs." We may parallel the dictum: "Let who will write a child's lesson-books; let me write the story he will read sitting up in his tree in the garden." The influence of the latter will, beyond a doubt, be infinitely more deep and durable than that of the former. The object of our special dread is the growth of what may be called the Instructive School of infant literature. Everything put into a child's head now-a days (it is supposed by some wiseacres) ought to convey either a moral, or a fact of science. The bright realm of pure Fancy, to be visited in youth or never, is ruthlessly locked up, especially from the very children whose future hard lives of labour will least of all leave space for the refining and softening play of the imagination. Facts piled on fact, precepts linked with precepts, *instruction*, in a word, offered after the manner of nursery medicine—a spoonful of jam and a whole mugful of black draught—such is the idea of the proper food for childish minds towards which we are rapidly tending. We hereby denounce it as a vile cheat, a gross case of adulteration! Children have a right to taste the sweets of fairy-land without being deluded into swallowing along with them any useful knowledge whatever. It is our deliberate judgment that the man who has once taught certain industrious insects to draw a pasteboard coach, is only a degree more criminal than he who would harness Titania to a fact, or load Puck with a moral precept.

It would seem, from an interesting history of juvenile literature published some time ago by Miss Yonge, that since 1800 the whole circle of the rise, progress and decline of children's books had been well-nigh completed; and that the successive nests of little open mouths had been filled with every description of food, from the dry crumbs of Mrs. Trimmer, and the wholesome strawberries and plums of Miss Edgeworth, to the glutinous "goodies" of the author of "Ministering Children." Of the deleterious effect of the latter class of sweetmeat, little doubt can be felt. A child duly crammed therewith has been known to ask (while carrying some gifts of charity to the poor), "whether she were not very good—*good enough to be put in a tract?*" Unless the tendency to use such works be counteracted by the healthful influence of the Gatty family and the author of "Alice in Wonderland," we shall expect to behold growing up a whole generation of canting little hypocrites.

But turning from books to songs, from little readers to little listeners yet on the lap, and drinking in with all their souls the rhymes crooned to them by nurse and mother—we ask, Are we to give up the dear old foolish nursery songs, which so many generations have learned, and which are probably a good deal more extensively known and often recalled than any solemn words of poet or sage, prophet or apostle? We verily believe the utilitarians will try it, and substitute some fearful jingle about the Solar System for "Margery Daw," and an excerpt from the Catechism for "Here we go up," or "A mouse ran up a clock." We can hear already in our prophetic souls the voice of Mr. Gradgrind inveighing on the waste of time and thought, the false facts and false morality, involved in these infantine poems. "Here," says Mr. Gradgrind, "let us take, for instance, the brief but shocking narrative of Mr. Longlegs. This gentleman, who is distinctly called 'old,' and who had consequently every right to respectful treatment, is alleged to have declined to perform his devotions. Probably the infirm-

ities of age formed a sufficient explanation of the apparent neglect: but without the least hesitation the venerable person is condemned to ignominious punishment. Infant lips are taught to yell, like the old brutal Romans shouting for the Christians to be thrown to the lions—

Take him by the left leg,
(a proposal three times repeated!)
And fling him down stairs!

Such is the arbitrary and cruel decree which our children are taught to lisp in their very cradles against a man whose only error is a temporary irregularity in his religious observances. And after this, we wonder that persecution still lifts its head, that the *odium theologicum* survives in the nineteenth century!"

"Again," observes Mr. Gradgrind, "how much of the violence and agrarian crime of the unhappy Sister Island may not be traceable to the rhyme which echoes through all its nurseries, concerning the doings of a certain cold-blooded assassin known as Johnny McGory?" This individual, we are informed, in the succinct language of an ancient chronicle,

Went to the wood and killed a Tory!

Irish landlords, as all the world knows, are mostly Conservatives, and the place of the crime and the readiness of its commission are to the last degree suggestive. When we are informed that in earlier times "Tories" did not mean Conservatives, but Catholic outlaws—"rogues and rapparees"—what a clue is afforded to us by this atrocious rhyme whereby to comprehend the alternate massacres of the different races in that unhappy country!

Another Irish poem reveals the secret of those domestic disturbances for which the "Isle of Saints" has been always famous. It explains the cause of one of those terrible faction fights:

Moll o' the Wood and I fell out;
And what do you think it was about?
She had butter and I had none;
That was the way the fight begun!

Who can wonder at the hopeless disorder of a race of people who are actually taught in tender infancy that a neighbour's possession of that soft and inoffensive comestible—butter—is a natural *casus belli?* Have we advanced here a step beyond

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can!

Again, what lessons of carelessness about valuable property are inculcated in the too familiar poem of "Bo-Peep"! That reprehensible young woman loses the sheep under her charge, and is coolly advised to

Leave them alone,
And they'll come home—

a most improbable proceeding on the part of sheep. Then what inaccurate notions of what the venerable Mrs. Hannah More called the "Manners of the Great" is instilled in some of these histories! Of what use is it to teach a child in its school hours the names and dates of the Sovereigns of England, when in the nursery it obtains such ideas as these of Royalty, its privileges, duties, and dignity?

The King was in the parlour,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey?

The "parlour," and the princely amusement therein,—The apartment chosen by her Majesty for a banqueting-hall, and the refreshment selected for her private consumption,—are these, we ask, the sort of facts wherewith to supply the youthful student of Pinnock and Mangnall? Nay, worse: in the next line we hear of

The maid . . . . .

(*the* maid who constitutes the Royal Household, be it observed)—

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes.

The innocent child is positively led to understand that Royal gardens are places wherein linen is hung out to dry! Even the sublime science of astronomy is utterly distorted in its first presentation to the infant mind. The moon is described as occupying an altitude over which a "cow" could "jump;" and in a still more egregious instance, an elderly female in a basket (we presume attached to a balloon) is affirmed to have mounted "fifty times as high as the moon"—of course far beyond the atmosphere. And for what purpose is this outrage on the sacredness of scientific fact? Mr. Gradgrind blushes to name it—

To sweep the cobwebs off the sky.

The composer and retailer of such rubbish, Mr. Gradgrind thinks, had much better sweep the cobwebs off the brains of the hapless babes thus misinstructed in the confiding hours of uncritical youth. F. P. CONBE.

News from the Field.

As usual, there are changes among the workers in the Field to be recorded. There are resignations, like that of the *Rev. S. Farrington*, because a veteran worker feels it is time to rest in the eventide, after a strenuous service of over forty years; of the *Rev. Priestley Prince*, and the *Rev. G. S. Phelps*, who are only pausing in their active work and waiting for new spheres of usefulness, and of the *Rev. C. A. Maley*, who came to us from the Established Church and who is gravitating back to his old position. In the meantime he goes to Durham University to seek fuller equipment for whatever work he may hereafter undertake.

The *Rev. F. Hankinson* has gone to assist in the work at *Essex Church*; *Miss von Petzold* has been inducted into her ministry at *Leicester*; The *Rev. W. F. Turland* has accepted a call to *Hyde*; and *Rev. W. G. Price* has gone to the congregation at *Stalybridge*. We wish for great blessings on these various ministers.

The *Rev. R. H. N. Bloor* has been welcomed to his new charge at *Reading*, the *Rev. E. E. Jenkin* has been inducted at *Walmsley*, and the *Rev. H. Fisher Short* has started his work at *Crewe*. It is a matter for rejoicing that this latter cause has been so healthily recommenced. Everyone will wish that Mr. Short may have a happy and successful career.

Presentations have been made to good workers like *Mr. A. Orrell* of *Chester*, to the *Rev. J. Morgan Whiteman* on leaving *Dewsbury*, and to the *Rev. E. D. P. Evans*, by his friends at *Kidderminster*, on the close of his successful ministry there.

It is gratifying to learn of an effort to establish a new congregation at *Nelson*, and the laying of the foundation of new schools at *Padiham*. *Lancashire* leads in the work of extension, and shews the direction in which our new activities should go.

But we are sorry to see that the *Northumberland and Durham Association* is crippled in its activities, and was not able to celebrate its anniversary as in former days. Its best workers are standing aside just now, but better and more hopeful days will dawn. Meanwhile *Darlington*, *Barnard Castle*, and *Carlisle* are without ministers. It will be a glad day when the *Association* renews its former zeal, and grapples with the work which lies around it.

Many good men are at work, strenuous work, in various parts of the country, but especial emphasis must be placed on the courses of lectures now being given during the week-evenings by the *Rev. K. A. Armstrong*, *Rev. J. E. Carpenter*, and the *Rev. H. C. Mills*. These men are reaching cultivated audiences, and are doing much to educate the minds of those who will be teachers of others.

Theatre services have been held in *Oldham*, conducted by the *Revs. James C. Street*, *W. G. Tarrant*, and *H. S. Pearson*. The attendances have been very large, varying between 1250 to 2000 persons. The audiences were most attentive and reverent, and much good must have been accomplished.

In many of our congregations—too many to be specially mentioned—Harvest Thanksgiving Services have been held, and these have served to inaugurate the special work of the autumn and winter. The places of worship have been well filled, in many cases crowded, and a new flood of life has swept over our people.

The colleges at *Oxford*, *Manchester* and *Carmarthen* have re-commenced their work, and important inaugural addresses have been given by leading members of the different staffs. Now teachers and students are alike busy at their work. A time of serious moment is at hand for all these institutions, but good men and true will find their way to a wise and satisfactory solution of all their difficult problems.

The *Rev. Charles Hargrove* is having a great time at the Antipodes, and is creating an excellent impression wherever he goes. His services are highly appreciated in every centre he has visited, and he will soon be home again with a mind richly stored with information and impressions which will prove useful to those of us who have had to carry on our work at home.

Among those friends who have passed away from us since our last issue are *Mr. R. Beddington, M.R.*, of Aberdare, and *Mrs. Jenkin Davies*, of London. Mrs. Davies will be greatly missed. She was a splendid worker, and a truly noble woman. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved survivors of these valued friends.

Great efforts are being made simultaneously to raise funds for various purposes among us. The *College at Manchester* is asking for £20,000, and has already raised over £13,000. The old students and the College Committee are sanguine that they will complete their great task during the Jubilee year. The *East Cheshire Association* and the *Midland Christian Union* are each asking for £5000, and in both cases there is reasonable hope of success. These are great demands upon our people, but there is a fine spirit of generosity and willingness among them.

In all directions there are the sounds of new activity among us, and everywhere the breath of a renewed life is felt.

October 31st, 1904. SCRUTATOR.

THE PRIESTLEY BAZAAR, on behalf of the Midland Christian Union, will be held in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Wednesday, Nov. 30th, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. The Bazaar will be opened on the first day by Lady Trevelyan, the Lord Mayor presiding. On Thursday the Right Hon. W. Kenrick, M.P., will preside, and on Saturday the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. In addition to the usual attractions there will be an exhibition of Priestley Relics, an Art Gallery, with pictures, &c., on view and for sale, &c., &c. Mr. Woolley's Band will perform twice each day. Admission—First day, 1s.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d. Contributions of goods will be thankfully received and should be sent to Mr. Duffield, Prudential Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham.—[Advt.]

The Midland Educational Company, Limited, Birmingham.